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GIVEN BY
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A

YORKSHIRE

TRAGEDY.)₂

⁺⁺
G. 176.81

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.)



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Dramatis Personæ.

Husband.

Master of a College.

Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,

Ralph,

Samuel,

} Serving-men.

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.

Knapp

Jan. 14, 1922

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A

Yorkshire Tragedy.

SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, and Ralph, two Serving-men.

O L I V E R.



*S*irrah *Ralph*, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, *viz.* Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Mafs thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed; but Sirrah, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London*?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the *Puritan Bawd* says. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam's* come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Enter Sam. furnish'd with things from London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs, I were well serv'd, were I not? What, *Ralph* and *Oliver*?

Amb. Honest Fellow *Sam*, welcome i'fiath, what Tricks hast thou brought from *London*?

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glassees bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my Back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man ere he dies; but what's the News from *London*, *Sam*?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said, what is the News from *London*, Sirrah? My young Mistress keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay, the more Ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest,

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, *Sam*, I would not for two years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left hand of her Wit, and ne'er be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed: why he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University-Brother stand in wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener! puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

A Yorkshire Tragedy 5

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards as naturally as can be— But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i' faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th' Fire; the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou said'st even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer four this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his Credit and his House.
And 'tis set down by Heavens just Decree,
That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill beseeming
The ancient Honour of his House and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes,
The weakness of his State so much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,

Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes him
 Appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart ;
 Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth ;
 Not penitent for those his Sins are past,
 But vex't his Money cannot make them last:
 A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow.
 Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of Ills
 I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
 And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox of the last throw, it made
 Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
 I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forsook me ;
 Nay, 'tis certainly true ; for he that has no Coin,
 Is damn'd in this World ; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Huf. Oh ! most Punishment of all, I have a Wife.

Wife. I do intreat you, as you love your Soul,
 Tell me the Cause of this your Discontent.

Huf. A Vengeance strip thee naked, thou art Cause,
 Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. *[Exit.]*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse ?

Both Beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
 And so much unlike himself at first.
 As if some vexed Spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,

He says I am the Cause ; I never yet
 Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Huf. If Marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are
 honourable, for they cannot be made without Marriage.

Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars !

Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he can-
 not live but upo' th' Fool, for he will have no Land to
 maintain him ; that Morgage sits like a Snaffle upon mine
 Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a Promoter, and my third a
 Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander.

Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put a man.
 I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd ;

He

He bears himself more proudly,
Has more Care on his Credit,
Base, slavish, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beseech you,
Shew me the true Cause of your Discontent.

Huf. Money, Money, Money, and thou must supplyme.

Wife. Alas, I am the least Cause of your Discontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,
Tho' I my self be out of your Respect,
Think on the State of those three lovely Boys
You have been Father to.

Huf. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how those Words wrong me,
But I'll endure these Griefs among a thousand more :
Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
Your self wound into Debts. your hopeful Brother
At the University into Bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And——

Huf. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for Fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'ft thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleasure ? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour : Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your Company : curb'd in!
Shall it be said in all Societies,
That I broke Custom ? that I flag'd in Money ?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Huf. Nay, I protest, and take that for an earnest,

[He spurns her,

I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy Dowry shall be sold to give new Life
Unto those Pleasures which I most affect.

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,
And what the Law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Huf. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,
[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*
But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on;
A Bawd to Dice: I'll shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall. [*Exit.*

Huf. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very hour I chose
a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like three
Evils hang upon me. fy, fy, fy, Strumpet and Bastards,
Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 Gent. Still do these lothsome Thoughts jar on your
Your self to stain the Honour of your Wife, [*Tongue?*
Nobly descended: those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 Gent. Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 Gent. Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Huf. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu,
I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.

[*Ex. Gent.*

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirra? what would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, Sir, that my Mistress was
met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to
London by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's late
Guardian.

Huf. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be;
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huf.

Huf. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Huf. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not
move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strikethine own Follies, for it is they,
Deserve to be well beaten; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit
Lie now both sick of a Consumption,
I am sorry for thee; that Man spends with shame,
That with his Riches doth consume his Name;
And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shall hear me further.

Thy Fathers and Forefathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The Spring-time of thy Youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs
Such Dearths should hang on thee, we that see it
Are sorry to believe it; in thy change,
This Voice into all places will be hurl'd,
Thou and the Devil have deceiv'd the World.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,

Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumper.

Huf. Nay then I know thee,

Thou art her Champion, thou her private Friend,
The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,

I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle
And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Huf. This has gall'd you, has it?

Gent. No, Monster, I prove

My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Huf. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon

The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*

Huf. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet.

Huf. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope nor ne'er shall do. [*Fight again.*]

Huf. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.

[*Husband falls down.*]

Huf. Hard Fortune, am I levell'd with the Ground?

Gent. Now Sir, you lye at Mercy.

Huf. Ay, you Slave.

Gent. Alas that hate should bring us to our Grave.

You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life,

I am sorrier for your Wound, than you your self:

You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds,

'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds.

Much good has been expect'd in your Life,

Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,

Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame

On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be sore,

And by this Fall, rise never to fall more.

And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Huf. Has the Dog left me then,

After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart

Would fain leap after him, Revenge I say,

I'm mad to be reveng'd; my Strumpet Wife,

It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh,

And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed;

Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak?

Surely it is want of Mony makes men weak,

Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving Man.

Ser. Faith, Mistress, if it may not be Presumption

In me to tell you so, for his Excuse

You had small Reason, knowing his abuse,

Wife. I grant I had, but alas,

Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad?

'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first Sight

Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life

As perfectly, as if his serious Eye

Had

Had number'd all his Follies:
 Knew of his mortgag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds,
 Himself wither'd with Debt; and in that minute
 Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
 'Twould have confounded every thought of good;
 Where now, fathering his Riots in his Youth,
 Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
 Gueſſing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
 With all the skill I had) though his deserts
 Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
 He's ready to prefer him to some Office
 And Place at Court! A good and sure Relief
 To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
 To make new League between us, and redeem
 His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me, I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone. [Exit.

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands
 And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands;
 Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
 I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
 Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Now, are you come? where's the Mony? Let's see the Mony, is the Rubbish sold? those Wife-akers your Lands, why then, the Mony, where is it? pour it down, down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope My Words shall like you well, I bring you better Comfort than the sale of my Dowry.

Huf. Ho, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild Usage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your declining Fortunes, provided a place for you at Court of worth and credit; which so much overjoy'd me— *Huf.*

Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
When I'm in Torment. [Spurns her.]
Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was
this thy Journey to *Nunck*, to let down the Histor yof
me, my State and Fortunes?

Shall I, that dedicated my self to pleasure, be now confin'd
in Service to crouch, and stand like an old Man i'th' Hams,
my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head
i'th' Church, base Slut, this fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,
That my Complaints were Praises and best Words,
Of you, and your Estate; only my Friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possesst
Of every Accident before I came.

If you suspect it but a Plot in me,
To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (tho' it suits a Mother
To shew a natural care in their Reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my self to calm your Blood;
Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Huf. Mony, Whore, Mony, or I'll— [Draws his Dagger.]

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil! how now? thy hasty News?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Huf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick,
short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University stays
below to speak with you.

Huf. From the University? so, University,
That long Word runs thro' me. [Exit.]

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this News step'd in between, the point
Had offer'd Violence unto my Breast.
That which some Women call great Misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my Miseries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are:

Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it Slavery to be preferr'd,
A place of Credit, a base Servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars.
I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand
Begins to shake the ancient Seat to Dust:
The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
Over my darkish Eyes: I can scarce see;
Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Huf. Please you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amas'd, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Huf. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our Univerfity, wherefore without Repentance and Amends expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Huf. O God, oh.

Mast. Wise Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any
thing

thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate Misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your Answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master.

I never had Sense 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me, both for your Words and Pains I thank you; I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs.

Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Huf. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother, Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A Bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore, 'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Huf. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wisht it better for your sake.

I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Huf. Let it be so.

Now, Sir, if you please to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased, And the World's murmurs ca'm'd, and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky Day. [Exit.

Huf. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'n should say we must not Sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being found, confounds us? why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden; what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the mire; what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compass of a little round Table, and

and with the Gentleman's Palfie in the Hand shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars?' Tis done, I have done't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Misery,—how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me, that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous, in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable beside my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's sighing, my three Boys penury, and mine own Confusion.

[He tears his Hair.

Why sit my Hairs upon my cursed Head?
 Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's
 In Execution among Devils that stretch him,
 And make him give; and I in want,
 Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
 Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,
 But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,
 Slavery and Misery. Who in this case
 Would not take up Mony upon his Soul?
 Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest?
 I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
 For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well? I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.

Huf. Up, Sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. Oh, what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy!

Huf. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. *[Strikes him.*

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Huf. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an U-
 surer

surer Bread, to cry at a great man's Gate, or follow, Good: your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to Brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [*Stabs him.*
Be not thy Name's Disgrace:
Spurn thou thy Fortunes first, if they be base:
Come view thy second Brother: Fates,
My Children's Blood shall spin into your Faces.
You shall see,

How confidently we scorn Beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*

*Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother
by her asleep.*

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep,
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep. —
Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,
Hard when the Father plays away the Son:
Nothing but misery serves in this House,
Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with a Boy bleeding.

Huf. Whore give me that Boy,

[*He strives with her for the Child.*

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Huf. Are you Gossiping, prating sturdy Quean,
I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,
Down Stairs; tumble, tumble headlong.

[*He throws her down.*

So, the surest way to charm a Woman's Tongue,
Is to break her Neck, a Politician did it.

Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.

His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest Child.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me, my Children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Huf. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.

Wife. O my sweet Husband.

Huf. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?

Huf. Give me the Bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet Boy,

Huf.

Huf. There are too many Beggars.

Wife. Good my Husband.

Huf. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

Huf. Have at his Heart.

[Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.]

Wife. Oh my dear Boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.

Wife. Oh Heav'n. *[She is hurt, and sinks down.]*

Huf. And perish, now be gone,

There's Whores enough, and Want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O Sir, what Deeds are these?

Huf. Base Slave, my Vassal,

Com'st thou between my Fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.

Huf. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Huf. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Huf. Have I no Power? shall my Slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.

[Husband overcomes him.]

Huf. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,

Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;

So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My Horse stands ready saddled, away, away,

Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar.

Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[The Master meets him.]

Mast. How is't with you, Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Colour.

Huf. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,

Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you;

I want one small part to make up the Sum,

And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[Exeunt.]

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self,

He has so bruis'd me with his devilish weight,

And

And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur.
 A Man before of easie Constitution,
 'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong ;
 Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mast. A deadly greeting ; hath he summ'd up these
 To satisfie his Brother ? here's another,
 And by these bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mast. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,
 One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

1 Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took Horse
 To kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
 To raise the Town upon him.

[Exeunt Master and Servants.]

1 Ser. Good Sir follow him.

Wife. Oh my Children.

1 Ser. How is it, my most afflicted Mistress ?

Wife. Why do I now recover ? why half live ?
 To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
 A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
 An Executioner ; what, art thou mangled too ?

1 Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiefs
 Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
 We struggled, but a fouler Strength than his
 O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
 And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
 Like a Man mad in Execution,
 Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath begu'ld him of all Grace,
 And stole away Humanity from his Breast ?
 To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
 And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
 A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it ;
 'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, innocent Blood,

Murder

Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Huf. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, Plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th' Town,
In such plain even Ground,
'Sfoot, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Huf. Ha! I hear sounds of Men, like Hue and Cry
Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.

Cry within. Here this way, this way.

Huf. At my Back? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

*Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with
Halberts.*

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Maſt. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy Prison'd Brother?

Huf. He can have no more of us than our Skins;
And some of them want but fleaing.

1 Gent. Great Sins have made him impudent.

Maſt. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot blush.

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices;
A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand,
There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Huf. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.

Maſt. There's little of a Father in that Grief:
Bear him away.

Enter

Enter a Knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his Wife, murder'd his Children?

1 Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him.

That ever he took Life and natural Being
From such an honour'd Stock, and fair Descent,
'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemish.

1 Gent. Here come the Men.

Enter the Master of the College, and the rest, with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his House: I'm sorry for this
time, that I am in place of Justice.

Mast. Please you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much.
Would it had ne'er been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.

1 Gent. Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous Cruelty?

Huf. In a word, Sir,

I have consum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitablest Deed I could do
To cozen Eeggary, and knock my House o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in To-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will sit closer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you:
To further which, take this sad Voice from me,
Never was Act plaid more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, Sir.

Knight. Go lead him to the Jail.

Where Justice claims all, there must Pity fail.

Huf. Come, come, away with me. [*Exit Prisoner.*]

Mast. Sir, you deserve the Worship of your place,
Would all did so; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my wish it should be so;
Ruinous Man, the Desolation of his House,
The blot upon his Predecessor's honour'd Name.
That Man is nearest shame, that is past shame. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and
Gentlemen, as going by his House.*

Huf. I am right against my House, Seat of my Ancest-
ors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endanger'd; let
me intreat to speak with her before the Prison gripe me.

Enter

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

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Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.

Gent. See here she comes of her self.

Wife. O my sweet Husband, my dear distressed Husband,
Now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greatest Sorrow, my extreamest Bleeding;
Ah! my Soul b'eds.

Huf. How now? kind to me?
Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breast feel,
Unkindness strikes a deeper Wound than Steel,
You have been still unkind to me.

Huf. Faith, and I so think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of Hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from me,
Departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented,
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that bottomless Pit, let him not rise
To make Men a& unnatural Tragedies,
To spread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioner,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant Husband!

Huf. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd,
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these Faults die,
If the Law could forgive as soon as I.

[Children laid out.

Huf. What Sight is yonder?

Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Threshold.

Huf. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-string crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then should you see the penitent Glasses melt,
And both your Murders shoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,

And

And will not look on me,
 Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
 O that I might my wishes now attain,
 I should then wish you living were again;
 Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
 O'twas the Enemy my Eyes so blear'd.
 O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
 That will unto my End repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,
 And leave part with this.

Offic. Come, will you go ?

Huf. I'll kiss the Blood I spilt, and then I'll go,
 My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be so.
 Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I must part,
 I of thy wrongs repent me with my Heart.

Wife. O stay, thou shalt not go.

Huf. That's but in vain, you see it must be so.
 Farewel ye bloody Ashes of my Boys,
 My Punishments are their eternal Joys,
 Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
 And then their Heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

[Exit Husband with Officers.]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
 Than former Sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind Wife, be comforted,
 One joy is yet unmurdered,
 You have a Boy at Nurse, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
 Heav'n give my Body strength, which is yet taint
 With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
 Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
 To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

Mast. Was it in Man to wound so kind a Creature ?
 I'll ever praise a Woman for thy sake,
 I must return with grief, my answer's set,
 I shall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.
 Two Brothers; the one in Bond lyes overthrown,
 This on a deadlier Execution.

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.



